

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend."—Pope.—

VOL. II.

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OBSERVATIONS ON WOMEN.

During the late absence of the Editor from town, and from the pleasing company of his correspondents and readers, several communications were unfortunately mislaid by the gentlemen associated with him in conducting this Work. Amongst this number, was the well written letter which we this day present, from a nameless correspondent, who we hope will accept this our apology, for seeming, but far from intentional neglect. This writer is earnestly solicited to procure for us, as was his intention, further aid from his friend, the intelligent foreigner. It is not exclusively by visiting the magnificent ruins and the splendid cities and polished circles of the old world, that judicious observers may discover subjects worthy of remark: in the unexplored wilds of America we may yet meet with many a proud Olympus, many a deep Pieria; and in the honest simplicity of republican habits and manners, may be found traits to dazzle the dignity of kings—sterling energy of mind, far surpassing the Peruvian intellect of hereditary nobles.

We know not from *what part* of the southern states the friend of our correspondent dates his letters; and as a writer of so much good sense would not thus write from Baltimore, we are under no obligation to contradict his strictures. The ladies of this city will not wear the cap; indeed they fear no satire, and their beaux are *all* honourable men. A foreigner would be confined as a madman were he to say that *our* ladies were fond of dealing out cards and scandal, as their common amusement—though there is here and there one neither so prudent nor so well informed as her opportunities have been numerous.

Mr. Easy,

As the following seemed to contain some just reflections on the females, I persuaded the author, to permit the insertion of it in the "Companion:" if it meets your approbation, I shall endeavour to procure others.

Yours.

LETTER I.

In this letter, my dear friend, I shall offer a few cursory observations, on that fair part of nature, which Providence seems to have designed to soften the asperities of the road through which we all are travelling. How often have I heard you declare, with all your characteristic enthusiasm, that destitute of those bewitching beauties of creation, we should become the rough unhewn sons of nature—that the refinement of social life would soon evaporate, and that, the rugged points of our characters could be worn off, only by a collision with them. You have often told me, that the sweetest moments of your existence have passed in their society; that minutes, hours, and days have rolled along with unperceived velocity, whilst, dead to care, you have been immersed in all the luxury of bliss. I could perceive the beam of transport elicited from your eyes, as you spoke, and conjectured, that the past enjoyment must be exquisite, when the recollection could create such sensations of delight. I envied your feelings, and resolved to procure them, as soon as I should be emancipated from the rigid discipline of college.

My wishes, for exchanging the perpetual converse of books, for that of the world, were soon gratified. My father (as you know) sent me over to America, and I now write you from one of the southern states.

On my arrival, with that impatience inseparable from youth, I flew to every circle of females, and with the eager impetuosity of desire courted, in the charms of their conversation, that happiness I expected. But my expectation was vain—I found them, possess of the utmost ele-

gance of form, and fascinating loveliness of face, yet without the necessary addition of a cultivated understanding—without sentiment, and without any of that ascendancy of manners arising from the polish of the mind. Vacant and uninformed, they trifle their time, in repeating the accidental occurrences, or in retailing the scandal of the preceding day; in arranging the ornaments of dress, or, with the utmost anxiety, shuffling and dealing a pack of cards. My soul revolted with sorrow at the sight!—Where, cried I, is that inexpressibly pleasing reciprocation of ideas; those enviable agitations of the breast;—those tumultuous throbs of the heart, which I so fondly desired? Are those the beings whom my too romantic fancy arrayed, in all the captivating excellencies of mind & decked in all the refinement of angelic purity? Are these the beings whom I almost thought the creatures of a higher world, whom imagination portrayed as constituted to widen the circle of pleasure, to beguile the tediousness of human existence, and in uninterrupted continuation, to cause the heart to vibrate with every emotion of delight? How opposite is the phantom of the brain, to what I unwillingly acknowledge, as the reality of life.

Could they but know, my friend, the superior advantage of a cultivated understanding; how it heightens the lustre of every charm, and cloaths every feature with animation, they would eject from their presence, these swarms of contemptible fops than encircle them, and seize with avidity the means of improvement. Their conversation would then throw a grace, on the dryness of philosophy, and render that which is dull, interesting by the liveliness of their remarks.

A few more observations on their manners shall conclude this letter. Their manners are polished and refined, and when not suffered to wander beyond the limitations prescribed by prudence, are enchanting. But ease, with some, insensibly degenerates into licentiousness, and freedom, into a tacit permission of boundless familiarity. That commanding dignity of behaviour, which represses the assiduities of the dissolute, is unknown to them. The officious civilities, and the double entendres of the libertine, are received with the smiles of complaisance, and heard without a wound to their sensibility.—The company of such may be sought, for the temporary pleasure which it inspires, but their conduct will always be insufficient, for the acquisition of lasting esteem.

Amidst this prevalence of levity and of folly, of repulsive insipidity and cold indifference, there are some who were “formed in nature’s happiest mood,” whose hearts are strung with the chords of sensibility, and whose minds

are exalted by the cultivation they have received.—They play around the vortex of dissipation, without being hurried to its centre, and mingle with the giddy throng without an assimilation of character.

Excuse, my dear R. the length of this letter. The subject was interesting to my feelings. Adieu for the present.

AN ESSAY

On the Plan and Character of Thomson’s Seasons.

(Concluded from page 53.)

Thus have we attempted to give a general view of those materials which constitute the ground-work of a poem on the Seasons; which are essential to its very nature; and on the proper arrangement of which its regularity and connexion depend. The extent of knowledge, as well as the powers of description, which THOMSON has exhibited in this part of his work, is, on the whole, truly admirable; and though, with the present advanced taste for accurate observation in Natural History, some improvements might be suggested, yet he certainly remains unrivalled in the list of descriptive poets.

But the rural landscape is not solely made up of land and water, and trees, and birds, and beasts; *man* is a distinguished figure in it; his multiplied occupations and concerns introduce themselves into every part of it; he intermixes even in the wildest and rudest scenes, and throws a life and interest upon every surrounding object. *Manners* and *character* therefore constitute a part even of a descriptive poem; and in a plan so extensive as the history of the year, they must enter under various forms, and upon numerous occasions.

The most obvious and appropriated use of human figures in pictures of the Seasons, is the introduction of them to assist in marking out the succession of annual changes by their various labours and amusements. In common with other animals, man is directed in the diversified employment of earning a toilsome subsistence by an attention to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and all his diversions in the simple state of rustic society are also regulated by the same circumstance. Thus a series of moving figures enlivens the landscape, and contributes to stamp on each scene its peculiar character. The shepherd, the husbandman, the hunter, appear in their turns; and may be considered as natural concomitants of that portion of the yearly round which prompts their several occupations.

But it is not only the bodily pursuits of man which are affected by these changes; the sensations and affections of his mind are almost equally under their influence: and

the result of the whole, as forming the enamoured votary of Nature to a peculiar cast of character and manners, is not less conspicuous. Thus the poet of the SEASONS is at liberty, without deviating from his plan, to descant on the varieties of moral constitution, and the powers which external causes are found to possess over the temper of the soul. He may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and, assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement with the turbulent agitations of ambition and avarice.

The various incidents too, upon which the simple tale of rural events is founded, are very much modelled by the difference of seasons. The catastrophes of Winter differ from those of Summer; the sports of Spring from those of Autumn. Thus, little history pieces and adventures, whether pathetic or amusing, will suggest themselves to the Poet; which, when properly adapted to the scenery and circumstances, may very happily coincide with the main design of the composition.

The bare enumeration of these several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners, will be sufficient to call to mind the admirable use which THOMSON throughout his whole poem has made of them. He, in fact, never appears more truly inspired with his subject, than when giving birth to those sentiments of tenderness and beneficence, which seem to have occupied his whole heart. An universal benevolence, extending to every part of the animal creation, manifests itself in almost every scene he draws; and the rural character, as delineated in his feelings, contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age. Yet, excellent as the moral and sentimental part of his work must appear to every congenial mind, it is, perhaps, that in which he may be the most easily be rivalled. A refined and feeling heart may derive from its own proper sources a store of corresponding sentiment, which will naturally clothe itself in the form of expression best suited to the occasion. Nor does the invention of those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions, require any great stretch of fancy. The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect. Wonder and surprise are affections of so different a kind, and so distract the attention, that they never fail to diminish the force of the pathetic. On these accounts, writers much inferior in respect to the powers of description and imagery, have equalled our Poet in elegant and benevolent sentiment, and perhaps excelled him in interesting narration. Of these, it will be sufficient to mention

the ingenious author of a French poem on the Seasons, who, though a mere copyist in the descriptive parts, has made many pleasing additions to the manners and incidents proper for such a composition.

But there is a strain of sentiment of a higher and more digressive nature, with which THOMSON has occupied a considerable portion of his poem. The fundamental principles of Moral Philosophy, ideas concerning the origin and progress of government and civilization, historical sketches, and reviews of the characters most famous in ancient and modern history, are interspersed through the various parts of the SEASONS. The manly, liberal, and enlightened spirit which this writer breathes in all his works, must ever endear him to the friends of truth and virtue; and, in particular, his genuine patriotism and zeal in the cause of liberty will render his writings always estimable to the British reader. But, just and important as his thoughts on these topics may be, there may remain a doubt in the breast of the critic, whether their introduction in a piece like this do not, in some instances, break in upon that unity of character which every work of art should support. We have seen, from the general plan and tenor of the poem, that it is professedly of the rural cast. The objects it is chiefly conversant with are those presented by the hand of Nature, not the products of human art; and when man himself is introduced as a part of the groupe, it would seem that, in conformity to the rest, he ought to be represented in such a state only, as the simplest forms of society, and most unconstrained situations in it exhibit. Courts and cities, camps and senates, do not well accord with sylvan scenery. From the principle of congruity, therefore, a critic might be induced to reject some of these digressive ornaments, though intrinsically beautiful, and doubtless contributing to the elevation and variety of the piece. His judgment in this respect would be a good deal influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is so easy and natural, that the mind is scarcely sensible of the deviation; in others it is more abrupt and unartful. As examples of both, we may refer to the passages in which various characters from English, and from Grecian and Roman history, are displayed. The former, by a happy gradation, is introduced at the close of a delightful piece containing the praises of Britain; which is itself a kind of digression, though a very apt and seasonable one. The latter has no other connexion with the part at which it is inserted, than the very forced and distant one, that, as reading may be reckoned among the amusements appropriated to Winter, such subjects as these will naturally offer themselves to the studious mind.

Harford, October 14, 1805.

There is another source of sentiment to the Poet of the SEASONS, which, while it is superior to the last in real elevation, is also strictly connected with the nature of his work. The genuine philosopher, while he surveys the grand and beautiful objects every where surrounding him, will be prompted to lift his eye to the great cause of all these wonders; the planner and architect of this mighty fabric, every minute part of which so much awakens his curiosity and admiration. The laws by which this Being acts, the ends which he seems to have pursued, must excite his humble researches; and in proportion as he discovers infinite power in the means, directed by infinite goodness in the intention, his soul must be wrapt in astonishment, and expanded with gratitude. The economy of Nature will, to such an observer, be the perfect scheme of an all-wise and beneficent mind; and every part of the wide creation will appear to proclaim the praise of its great author. Thus a new connexion will manifest itself between the several parts of the universe; and a new order and design will be traced through the progress of its various revolution.

THOMSON'S SEASONS is as eminently a religious, as it is a descriptive poem. Thoroughly impressed with sentiments of veneration for the author of that assemblage of order and beauty which it was his province to paint, he takes every proper occasion to excite similiar emotions in the breasts of his readers. Entirely free from the gloom of superstition and the narrowness of bigotry, he every where represents the Deity as the kind and beneficent parent of all his works, always watchful over their best interests, and from seeming evil still educing the greatest possible good to all his creatures. In every appearance of nature he beholds the operation of a divine hand; and regards, according to his own emphatical phrase, each change throughout the revolving year is but the "varied God." This spirit, which breaks forth at intervals in each division of his poem, shines full and concentrated in that noble HYMN which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of its kind since the days of MILTON, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus is not only admirable as a separate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the GREAT WHOLE.

Thus is planned and constructed a Poem, which, founded as it is upon the unfading beauties of Nature, will live as long as the language in which it is written shall be read. If the perusal of it be in any respect rendered more interesting or instructive by this imperfect Essay, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.

Mr. Easy,

I have long had it in contemplation, to write a few lines upon some subject for the Companion; a publication from which I have received great amusement and instruction, and which I have reason to hope gives satisfaction as general as its circulation is extensive; but I could never till now spare the time as it is with me "a precious article," and I hope I am the more excusable as there appears to be no scarcity of communications. As the inculcation of moral principles appears to be the end you have chiefly in view, I have been encouraged to make the following remarks on drunkenness, than which I think there is not a greater moral evil existing, and which it behoves every philanthropic person to reprobate in the most satirical manner. Although it would require a much abler pen than mine, to exhibit drunkenness in its true light, yet I hope I shall mention enough to convince any rational person of the impropriety and odiousness of the practice.

I shall begin by observing that it is a truly remarkable and lamentable thing, that the practice of this vice should be so prevalent, when it is considered what injury results from it to the community at large, to the family and domestic concerns of the drunkard, and lastly to himself. I shall first enquire into the injury society in general sustains from such a character. In the second place I shall make it evident that his family and domestic concerns are materially hurt by his proceedings, and lastly I shall endeavour to prove that his own wicked way is pregnant with mischief towards himself.

With respect to the first enquiry—the first idea that presents itself to the mind is the noxiousness of the example which drunkenness exhibits to the world, and as it is a vice whose example is more influential than any other, consequently it must be more hurtful. It is a vice which by the example deprives many wives of sober husbands, many husbands of sober wives, many parents of sober children, and many children of sober parents, &c. But the drunkard by his example not only implants in that part of society with which he is associated the seeds of drunkenness, but also the seeds of other vices that are inseparably connected with it. Hence the necessity that those persons who wish to lead moral lives, should have no intercourse or communication with those addicted to this most heinous vice. Wherefore, when the drunkard reflects on the pernicious tendency of his example, let him "shudder and turn from the evil of his ways."

In the second place, if we but take a view of the family and domestic concerns of the drunkard, we will find them

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in a situation that would enliven the sensibility of the most callous heart. Perhaps while the drunken husband is reveling and carousing in the tavern, he has at home a wife and helpless children, who have not food wherewith to satisfy the demands of nature, nor raiment to shield them from the inclemency of the weather. And how happens it? Why because he spends in the manner above mentioned, that money which should be devoted to their support, and which they have a right to expect. Not only the family of the drunkard, but every thing he is concerned with suffer in like manner, from his imprudence.

Having briefly considered the baneful effects of drunkenness on society, it now remains for me to examine the mischief it is productive of to the drunkard himself, in order to reclaim if possible one poor creature from misery in this life and that which is to come.

Excessive spirituous potation injures a man both mentally and corporeally. With respect to the mind, it perverts the moral faculty and blunts the intellectual. To be satisfied that it perverts the moral principle, nothing farther is necessary than to observe the conduct of an intoxicated man; it will then be seen that he swears, blasphemes, gambles, wrangles, &c. But the above vices are inferior in point of magnitude to others that might be mentioned, as the fruits of ebriety. The stupidity and dulness which this diabolical practice induces, is a sufficient proof that it impairs the understanding. An habitual drunkard, when in a state of intoxication, may be compared to a maniac; but when sober, he resembles a melancholic person. On the body drunkenness has the effect of inducing disease, indigestion, with all the train of evils attendant thereon, is almost the certain consequence of frequent intoxication. Happy would it be for *dram-drinkers* did its effects extend no farther than this, but that is not the case. Unfortunately for them it does not exempt the liver from its ravages, it there produces inflammation, jaundice, &c. Epilepsy, mania, apoplexy, dropsy, &c. are frequently the offspring of this opprobrious practice.

Drunkenness is frequently forbidden by St. Paul. "Be not drunk with wine wherein is excess", Eph. v. 2. "Let us walk honestly as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness." Rom. xiii, 13. Oh drunkard, if the foregoing observations be not sufficient to deter you from going on in your evil way, let the following words of St. Paul at least put you in mind of your situation. "Be not deceived, neither *drunkards*, nor revilers, nor extor-

tioners shall inherit the kingdom of God," I Cor. vi, 9, 10.

If the confirmed sot be not in any degree benefited by what is here stated, I hope it may be the mean of preventing some person from falling into this most brutal and ridiculous vice.

DRANCER.

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Mr. Easy,

I have no hesitation in declaring to you that in most instances I have found your little Weekly Visitor to be a most valuable, cheerful and amusing Companion; that I have derived much satisfaction from the acquaintance which I have formed with it, and am consequently the more anxious that the same purity of sentiment, which has generally characterised it, should be preserved, in order that your readers may derive improvement as well as pleasure through the same channel. I shall therefore, as occasion may require, make it my business to correct any attempts which I may discover to be made, whether by its real or false friends, to render the little favourite a dangerous Companion.

I am not a stranger to the difficulty attending on the direction of most periodical productions; and will readily admit, that while you are the most industriously employed in culling "sweetest flowers of various hues" to regale your numerous readers, you may also *inadvertently* pluck and intermix therewith some "poisonous herb of deadly purport;" at best your garland *may* conceal a thorn, and leave a sting behind.

These remarks have been called forth by observing lately two or three pieces in the Companion which have a tendency, I think, rather to corrupt than amend the manners of the age, which, generally speaking, are already sufficiently depraved.

An essay, for so it may very properly be called, (being nothing more) in your 4th. number of vol. 2, under the title of *Common Sense*, (so far as I can comprehend the author's meaning) is one not among the least of the description above alluded to.

His attempt to defend theatrical amusements, by the means he has adopted, borders on profanity; and his arguments are in my opinion weak, and inconclusive in the extreme. Lest, however, any of your readers, not already sufficiently convinced of the many pernicious consequences resulting from a frequent attendance on theatrical performances, should be farther corrupted by the opinions of H, backed too by such great authority, I hope to convince him and other lovers of the drama, by a se-



ries of numbers which I am preparing for the purpose, that neither the plays to which H. alludes nor the manner in which they were represented, bear any comparison with the loose, bawdry, and profane ribaldry of the present day, or the Merry-Andrew buffoonery accompanying their representation.

PROMPTER.

Baltimore, Dec. 3d. 1805.

The propriety of encouraging well regulated theatres have been long contended for and against. We see some of the most learned and elegant writers, and many characters of established piety, on either side of the question; and we are willing to afford H. and PROMPTER a fair opportunity for manly, dispassionate discussion: hoping thereby to afford at least some agreeable entertainment to many of our readers. In this affair we will not interfere, so long as the writers conduct themselves respectfully towards each other, avoiding every appearance of personality and unnecessary declamation. We have no reason to fear that either will offer irrelevant matter, or improper language; but thus much, as Moderator, we think necessary to premise.

#### A SCOTTISH TALE.

(Continued from page 46.)

In this disagreeable and awkward dilemma, I found it necessary to sum up all my resolution, for in my endeavours to extricate myself, I was not a little dismayed by finding my leg and thigh considerably bruised by the weight of the animal as she laid upon me. Many very painful moments were elapsed before I was able to move from this disagreeable situation, and I was no sooner freed, than I began to grope all around, in order to be certain whether I was really on the beaten road or not, and too soon I had the mortification, to find myself amongst loose fragments of rock, stones, and heath, while no cheering object met my grasp. I was now fully convinced that I trod no regular road, and consequently my spirits received a considerable degree of depression.

The growing violence of the wind that howled amongst the troubled heath, sometimes in deepened murmurs like the distant roaring of a tempestuous ocean, and at others in wild whistling, like "a thousand ghosts shrieking at once on the hollow blast," indicated the rising storm. Heavy drops of rain fell rapidly, and soon wetted me to the skin; while the hoarse rumbling of remote thunder shook along the earth, and portended dreadful meaning,

and the black horizon seemed illumined at uncertain intervals by the pale flashes of distant lightening, which, darting its sudden blaze across the darkened face of heaven, seemed to increase the thick gloom of the surrounding space, that possessed terrors to me I had never before experienced.

"Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,

"Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death."

The thunder now came rolling on the blast, shaking the very ground upon which I stood, and the vivid lightening flashed in forked and sulphurous blaze across the heathy waste, making night more hideous. All the elements seemed as if mingled in furious combat, and contending for victory; whilst the darkness, mixed with fire and thunder, appeared about to consume me, and annihilate all Nature. For a while I stood appalled, and confessed the awe that humbled me into nought; but at length, actuated by a sudden fit of despair, I stuck spurs into my equally terrified companion, who darted with amazing rapidity across the desolated wilderness, and was continuing at full speed, when our career received a shock at once sudden and unexpected. In an instant I was precipitated with my mare, down an abrupt precipice, and plunged into some water, which very luckily was not deep, and my beast regained her footing; yet the violence of the shock and the danger of her situation, having rendered her for a while motionless, I had an opportunity of remounting.

At this critical juncture a rent appeared in the agitated heavens immediately over my head, and a broad flame of sulphurous fire wheeled its pale course over the reflecting surface of a troubled lake, whose murmuring waters now surrounded me, and which the vivid blaze enabled me to distinguish.

The only mode I could adopt in order to extricate myself from so unpleasant a situation, was in giving the rein to my mare, whose instinct, in this case, was of more beneficial consequence to me, than any effort of my own reason, and I soon found by the splashing that she had gained a shallow part of the water, and in a short time I was again placed on dry ground.

I now wandered about without the least prospect of relief, and unknowing what direction to take, whilst the furious tempest having lessened its virulence, was borne by the howling blast to some more distant region.

A dead impenetrable gloom succeeded, and I was involved in total darkness. Despairing of any kindly roof to shelter my fatigued body from the chilling damps of night,

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I cast myself upon the ground in the hope that I should find in repose some balm for my agitated feelings; but no soft slumber visited my way-worn frame, and I vainly courted the balmy influence of sleep.

Lying upon the ground, with my aching head rested upon my hand, and engaged in melancholy reflection, I suddenly heard the loud barking of a dog, not far off, and I then, for the first time, perceived that my mare had broken from me. This circumstance induced me to believe that she had discovered some human habitation, and had disturbed the cur, whose shrill voice I had heard. I immediately started up, and beheld at a considerable distance, a dim twinkling light, which at intervals disappeared. Being under some apprehensions that this appearance should prove no other than an *ignis fatuus*, exhaled from some lonely quagmire, I pursued it with the utmost caution; but when I drew nearer it appeared more steady, and I soon had the satisfaction to find that it glimmered through the crevices of a small hut, by which I found my mare.

The dog, which had led me to this happy discovery, now barked with loud defiance, and seemed determined to deter my entrance; however, this did not prevent my search for the door, and upon opening it such columns of thick smoke issued from it that I was obliged to stand out for a few minutes on the outside, until a sufficient portion of fresh air was admitted into the wretched cabin.

When I had gained an entrance I found it proceeded from the remains of a peat-fire, upon the ground, whose dying embers were then emitting their latest flames. So close and thick was the atmosphere of this small room, that a considerable time elapsed ere I was able to perceive any object which could gratify my eager search. At length, a transient gleam from the expiring flames on the hearth, discovered to my sight the figure of a man, extended at his length upon an old couch. A few worn out implements of husbandry were lying upon the ground near his feet and a shepherd's staff rested against the wall.

I approached him, and for a moment contemplated his face and figure, as he lay buried in those profound and sweet slumbers which alone attends the nightly couches of health and innocence, and of those few happy mortals that are yet unacquainted with the bitter gall of dependence and whose peace is yet undisturbed by the stings of an offended conscience.

I do not recollect that I have ever seen so fine, so dignified a man as was this lowly Highlander. His stature was tall, remarkably well proportioned, and truly god-like; his face was expressive of all the nobler qualities of

the mind and exhibited not one of those marks of villany, without some of which I have seldom seen an inhabitant of any of the public walks of society; and a degree of native independence, beamed in his countenance, that appeared incapable of suffering the smallest shackle, or controul.

He was in his clothes (such as they were) ready to rise with the earliest dawn, and by him stood his dog, the faithful companion of all his toils, who had slunk scowling back to his master's side, upon my entrance, appearing much dissatisfied with my behaviour. Wishing to have my anxiety removed as soon as possible, I took the sleeping inhabitant of this lonely hut by the arm, and shaking him violently, I awoke him.

Some moments passed before he was sufficiently awake to comprehend the meaning of an interview, which appeared to him more like the effects of a dream, than a reality; but he had no sooner learnt that I was alone, benighted, and had lost my way, than he with all that generosity which ever accompanies a great and uncorrupted mind, offered to conduct me to my journey's end.

Never was an offer so acceptable to me, and I promised to reward him equal to his services; but when I wished him to take a small sum of money which I offered him, he observed that it would be of little or no use to him who could not spend it if it was in his possession, and he therefore declined receiving it.

*To be continued.*



#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very young writer, on the Seasons, is not yet capable of being of much service to us; but we would not dissuade him from future attempts at poetic composition. Study, and practice in the closet yet a little longer.

THE PEDESTRIAN has had full time to have prepared another number, and we are of opinion that the reception which his last met with is no sufficient cause for discontinuance. Many of the 'gravely learned' feel but little affection for The Pedestrian; but we can safely assure him that he has a *large majority* on his side. This consideration, we hope, will induce him to take another ramble; and if it should end as favourably to individual interest as did his *march to the battle*, it will, like that, produce the sincere thanks of those concerned.

COMMON SENSE No. 4 is received. We leave it to H. whether this number shall appear previous to the promised observations of PROMPTER?

The Companion has been thus far liberally supplied with original poetry. We hope—



To such of our readers, as are fond of the marvellous, we would recommend the perusal of the following wonderful story of a man who outmeasures all other giants, of whom we have any correct history. To have a just conception of the stature of Wyschard, we must suppose that Peul's Mammoth would about answer to the size of the former's Mastiff. And to those who say 'tis a lie, and unworthy the Companion; we reply, it is at least well told; and while it serves as no unreasonable relaxation after the "tedious gravity" of our sheet, it may perchance teach some common liar the absurdity of dabbling in a small way.

### OLD WYSCHARD.

Volumes of historic lore  
Read, and you'll find that heretofore  
Flourish'd a brood of *Strapping Dogs*,  
To whom this present race of men are frogs.  
Ajax a rock in's arms could take  
And hurl it at your pericrane,  
Which half a dozen folks of modern make,  
With force combin'd, would strive to lift in vain.

By gallant Guy of Warwick slain  
Was Colbrand, that gigantic Dane;  
Nor could this desp'rate champion daunt  
A Dun Cow bigger than an elephant;  
But he, to prove his courage sterling,  
His whyniard in her blood imbrued;  
He cut from her enormous side a sirloin,  
And in his porridge-pot her brisket stew'd:  
Then butcher'd a wild Boar and ate him barbecu'd.

When Pantagruel ate salt Pork  
Six waiting-jacks were set at work  
To shovel mustard into's chops.—  
These you'll allow were men of mould,  
And made on purpose for an age of gold;  
But we, their progeny, are mere milk-sops:  
They drank whole tuns at a sup to wet their throattles,  
But we're a race of starv'lings—I'll be shot else—  
Begotten with the rincings of the bottles.

'Twas so the sage Monboddoo wrote:  
And many a learned clod of note  
You'll see come forward and advance  
Positions every whit as wise:  
And that they tell their friends no lies  
I'll shew you by collateral circumstance.

There liv'd—tho' that is somewhat wide  
O' the purpose—I should say, 'There died  
A squire, and WYSHARD was his name  
Pictish and Saxon ancestry  
Illustrated his pedigree,  
And many a noble imp of fame:  
Yet these renowned ancestors,  
As if they had been vulgar sons of curs,  
Were long, long since by all the world forgot  
Save by himself: he knew the very spot  
Where they had each been coffin'd up to rot;  
And in his will directions gave exact  
Amongst those venerable dads to have his carcase pack'd.

Now deep the Sexton burrows to explore  
The sepulchre that these old worthies hid;  
Something at last that seem'd an huge barn-door,  
But was no other than a coffin-lid,  
Oppos'd his efforts; long it spread, and wide,  
And near the upper end a crevice he espied.  
Thence on his ear strange uncouth utterance broke,  
As of some sullen slumb'rer half awoke,  
Who, yawning, mutter'd inarticulate  
And angry sounds: yet could not this abate  
The courage of the clown: "Speak out!" quoth he—  
"Raw head and bloody bones ne'er yet affrighted me."

A thundering voice replies, "What miscreant knave  
Dares break the sabbath of old Wyschard's grave?"  
"No miscreant knave, worm-eaten sir, am I,  
But Hodge the sexton:—Knave! I scorn the word."  
"I at my honest calling work, for why?"  
"Your Kinsman's just brought down to be interr'd."

"My kinsman's to be buried here?—Oh, ho!  
"What year of our Lord is't, fellow, let me know?"  
"'Tis eighteen hundred, sir, and two."  
"Ay, Goodman Sexton, say you so?"  
"Then Time on me a march hath stole;  
"'Twas near sev'n hundred years ago  
That I became the tenant of this hole:  
"Men like myself behind I left but few;  
"Since then the world, I wot, is fangled all anew!

"Tell me, in sooth, are other folks like thee?  
"For, by thy voice, thou seem'st a tiny elf."  
"Tiny!" quoth Hodge: "Zooks, I am six feet three!"  
"There's no man in the hundred but myself  
"Can say as much—thy name-sake that is dead,  
"I warrant him, was shorter by the head."  
"Thy words lack proof: I prithee, honest friend,  
"Thrust thro' this chink thy little finger's end!  
"Whence I may know if thou the truth dost state,  
"And judge, by sample small, of thy dimensions great."

Thought Hodge—"Altho' I little fear the dead,  
"Fool-hardy mortals perils strange environ:"  
His finger then withheld he, but, instead  
Thrust in his pick-axe nozzle, sheath'd with iron:  
And he was in the right,  
For, at a single bite,  
Old Wyschard snapt it off clean as a whistle.—  
"Hence, lying Varlet, bear  
"Your pigmy corpse elsewhere,  
" 'Twould Wyschard's grave disgrace!  
"In the stoutest of your race  
"There's no more substance than a BIT OF GRISTLE.

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